

## The Family

### A TRYST.

Psalms 41:1,3.

I shall soon be over yonder,  
But it isn't so far away—  
Just across a shining threshold,  
Into a bright and glorious day.

I have treasures over yonder,  
Treasures rich and rare,  
Culled from many a crossroad,  
Where life was bleak and bare.

I can hear the angel voices,  
And I know it will not be long  
Until I too can sing with rapture  
The glorious glory song.

It was joy to work in his vineyard;  
'Twill be joy to work over there,  
At whatever task he appoints me  
In the Spiritland so fair.

But, no; I am stronger this morning;  
I shall work a while longer right here.  
Where so many bodies need clothing,  
Where so many hearts need cheer.

Oh, the world is so full of beauty,  
So much joy and sunshine to spare,  
That if we but half did our duty,  
We would scatter it everywhere.

Oh, the poor have many a heartache;  
They are hungrier for love than for bread;  
They'd rather have a good, hearty  
handshake  
Than clothes made of golden thread.

And oh! the joy in the gloaming,  
To lay all at his blessed feet!  
The failure I made in the morning,  
The success I found later so sweet!

The words of love that were spoken  
In his name reached the tender place;  
Bruised hearts that were all but broken  
Were healed with his infinite grace.

Oh, the joy! the joy in the gloaming!  
Our Saviour to meet face to face,  
And draw fresh strength for the morn-  
ing  
To fill in the world our place.

Ah, as frail, empty vessels, he'll fill  
us,  
Brimful of his spirit of love;  
Nay, we'll overflow with the spirit of  
Jesus,  
And that will draw souls up above.

A soul! Oh, the heartbeats come  
faster!  
Where is joy in heaven untold.  
A soul! A soul for the Master!  
A soul sheltered safe in the fold!

The joy—oh, the joy, in the gloaming!  
A soul to lay at his feet!  
Rescued by your toil of the morning.  
The joy—oh, the joy is complete!

Susanna.

### AUNT GRAIDY; A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Aunt Grady was certainly a singular person. It was probably because she had lived so much alone. People are not born singular, they grow so, I believe. Aunt Grady had become morbid and self-centered, at least, that is what people said.

Down in her heart she had a store of loving affectionateness, which, if you think about it, is better than affection. She had a good many friends that loved her and even leaned on her, but—she was not a pleasant person to live with, and the saddest thing about it was that she knew it!

I am not sure that she could tell you just when she began to find it out, but it was in God's own time. He never teaches us all of a lesson at one time. He is too wise and too patient for that, but the time came when Aunt Grady needed to find it out so that she might take up the work which the Master had appointed her.

She had gone on as heedlessly as a young person for a long while. When she saw any one, especially one she cared for, doing what she believed wrong, she did not hesitate to say so. You see, she had very positive ideas of right and wrong, and about the proprieties—she was raised that way.

Well, after awhile she began to notice one and another that she thought cared for her behaving as the priest and the Levite did to the poor fellow that had fallen among thieves—they passed her by on the other side.

It set Aunt Grady to thinking, and her thoughts were troubled thoughts, for she loved to be cared for and petted as much as she did when she was young—maybe more—and so she began to ask herself, Why is this? What is the matter? What can I do?

Then she took this trouble where she had learned to carry all of her burdens, and she asked for light, for wisdom to see where she was wrong and for love enough in her heart to win back her friends if God was willing.

Now, Aunt Grady was very human all this time. She had to fight pride, for, oh, how it hurt to be left out of so many things, and it was very hard to keep from speaking of the matter.

Just about this juncture she received a letter from a friend far away, who wrote her what a joy and comfort her letters had been and how she thanked God for them.

Poor old Aunt Grady was quite overcome. She leaned her head on the table by which she was sitting and shed tears of joy. "Why," she said to herself, "maybe the Master means me to cheer and help others by letters rather than by talking. I talk too much when I get a chance. Letters are safer than speaking anyhow. If you write what you think, there's time for you to read it over and to tear it up; but if you speak, you can not get back the spoken words, no matter how sorry you are. It would be well for me to have a bandage over both eyes and mouth, especially in the

home circle."

Then she recalled a quaint old prayer she had read somewhere:

"Oh, that mine eyes might closed be  
To what concerns me not to see;  
That deafness might possess mine ear  
To what concerns me not to hear;  
That love my tongue might always tie  
From ever speaking foolishly!  
But what are wishes! Lord, mine eye  
On thee is fixed. To thee I cry.  
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart  
And make it clean in every part;  
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too,  
For that is more than I can do."

Acting upon this conviction, Aunt Grady, by the grace of God, began to close her eyes to the friends who passed her by and busied herself with the friends who seemed to need her, for she was sure now that the friend who wanted her was the friend she wanted.

The first thing she did was to make a list of people who might be cheered and comforted by her letters. She had time for this work, for she did not keep house, and by shortening her visiting list, leaving only those who were sick or in trouble, she made the time easily. Then she began to find that she was spared a good deal of gossip in this way, and do you know that this singular old woman began, too, to be happier than she had ever been in her life? She did not need to observe the eternal vigilance as to her tongue that she had once found necessary and which, alas! had so often failed.

On several occasions, when she had found it particularly hard to be prudent, she had tried binding a handkerchief across her mouth, or keeping her eyes closed, when to open them was to see things that it pained her to see; but these performances only passed for samples of Aunt Grady's eccentricities.

"Aunt Grady always was inclined to be eccentric," some one would say, with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulder.

"Yes, and gets more and more so," would be the reply; "but she lets us laugh and does not seem to care."

Aunt Grady minded it more than her pride would let her show. She had tried very hard never to do or say anything that might help to fasten that opprobrious term upon her. She had never minded being called an old maid, for the condition had been a matter of choice, and she knew she was old, and that settled the matter; but to be called "eccentric"! That hurt, because it seemed to set her apart from the people around her.

She had been raised to think that the true woman must pass through life as in the Bible—"great, but hidden."

Poor old lady! She was really grieved for awhile over this matter, but only for a while. Her common sense, under God, came to her rescue, and she became busied again with her letters, and, as the days passed, she found her time so full of pleasant work that she really forgot that Mrs. So-and-So, or Miss This-and-So, or her old friend, Mr. Other One, had not asked for her when calling, and with the swiftly flying hours filled with little opportunities to do for others, and